

HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN

THE CALCULUS AFFAIR



MAGNET



MAGNET

THE CALCULUS AFFAIR



So much for your peace and quiet, Captain! Look over there. There's a big storm brewing.

Yes, it's high time we got back to the house.

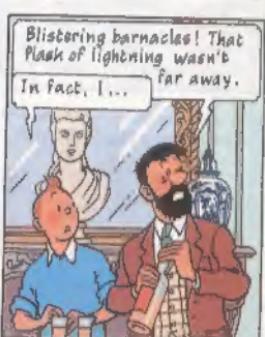




Quite so, Nestor. But one must always keep one's temper... especially with a lady... And besides, Nestor, you should never telephone during a storm: it is extremely dangerous.



That's that. And now, my friend, I think I'll just have a quiet drink, if you don't mind.



Hello?... What?... Lamb chops?... No, Madam, I am not Mr. Cutts the butcher! And what's more Madam, it is highly dangerous to telephone during a storm. You should know better! And the best of luck, Madam!



Vanished!... Vaporized!
... Poor Captain!
How dreadful!

Billions of blis-
tering barnacles!

If I ever lay hands on
that female...

DLING
CLING
BING

?

CLING
BLING
CLING

Thundering typhoons! My priceless
Chinese vase!

How in the world could that vase have broken?
Anyway, it certainly wasn't done by the lightning.

I just can't make it out.

PLING *
WOOAH
SSSS
GRRR

Again!...

My beautiful
Florentine mirror!

But this time I know
the answer. Your confounded
Snowy. This is his handiwork.

GRRR

But look here, Cap-
tain, that's absurd
... How could he
possibly...

Billions of billions blue blistering
barnacles! Now the electricity
has gone! That's the last straw!

THUMP THUMP
THUMP

Ten thousand
thundering
typhoons! How
what's that?

CRACK

THUMP THUMP



What shall I do, sir? Shall I...
Shall I open it?

Yes, Nestor.

Ah! At last!

Hey! You there...
Who d'you think you are?

Billions of blue blistering barnacles! That's a fine way to introduce yourself. And what d'you want here, anyway?

That's a long story, old boy...

Ah, the lights!

Yes, quite a story... I was driving along when, crack!... my wind-screen shattered, and all the other windows as well. In that downpour too! So I said to myself: "Jolyon" (that's my name), Jolyon Wagg, of the Rock Bottom Insurance...

How nice!

Nice little place you've got here. Must say I prefer something more modern, but still...

Who! had a tiff with the wife, eh?

[...It was probably the lightning.

Lightning!... Ha! ha ha! And I'll bet you weren't insured, eh, you old rascal? Well what a bit of luck that Jolyon Wagg dropped in: he'll soon fix you up with a neat little policy.

How kind.

Not bad armchairs, these. I don't stand on ceremony, you know. A bit of a clown, that's me. Never a dull moment with me around, you bet!

I take after my Uncle Anatole; he was a barber, you know. Oh, you should have met him! A proper caution, he was. Always telling stories, make you die of laughing... Like this one... There were two men in a railway carriage, see...

Cheers!

"Jolyon", I said to myself, "what are you going to do now?..." Then I saw your house. "I'll shelter there", I said... Here, take my coat, old chap.

You'd better stay here till the rain stops.

Is that whisky you're drinking? You can pour one for me while you're about it. Not that I like the stuff; I'm just thirsty, that's all.



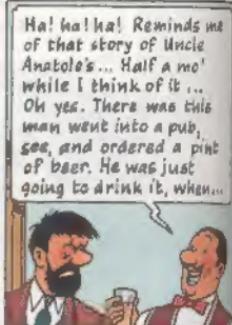
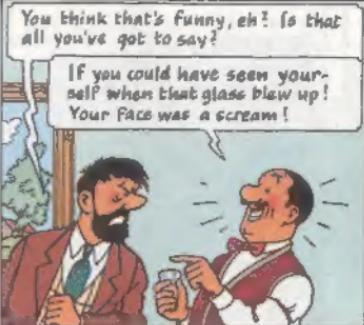
Did... did you see that?... I was just standing, my glass in my hand, and...

Oho! that's fun!

You think that's funny, eh? Is that all you've got to say?

If you could have seen yourself when that glass blew up!
Your face was a scream!

Hahahah! Reminds me of that story of Uncle Anatole's... Half a mo' while I think of it... Oh yes. There was this man went into a pub, see, and ordered a pint of beer. He was just going to drink it, when...



By the way... er... what about your insurance against lightning?

No thank you, Mr. Wagg. I'm insured against everything under the sun.

Yes, everything. My life's insured against accident; against hailstones, rain, floods, tidal waves and tornadoes; against cholera, 'flu, and colds in the head; moths, weevils and grasshoppers... The whole lot! In fact, sir, the only things I'm not insured against are insurance agents!

You old humbug, you! Well, that's all settled. I'll send you a policy... No, better still, I'll bring it myself. That'll give us a chance to have another chinwag together.



'Bye for now!

SLAM

He can go to the devil—him, and his insurance, and his Uncle Anatole!



Calm down, Captain. Shouldn't we try to solve the mystery of all this broken glass?

You're right. But still, I...



Listen! Shoots!

BANG

BANG

BANG



They came from outside.

There's someone coming... Oh, it's Professor Calculus, on the way back from his laboratory.

Did you hear those shots?

Professor, just look at your hat! Excuse me...



Look! A bullet has gone right through it!

Oh! See!... a hole!

I can't understand it at all. The moths never used to make such big holes as these.

Quick, Captain. Let's have a look round the park.

Right. Just let me fetch a torch, and I'll be with you.



Calculus certainly came along this path...



Captain! Snowy's picked up a scent. Come on, let's follow him.



Oh! Look there!



Blistering barnacles! Do you think he's...



No: he's alive. His heart's beating... faintly...

You stay here while I go and telephone.

We must send for the police at once.

Blistering barnacles, what an evening! What an evening!

In heaven's name, what's the matter now?

In heaven's name, what's the matter now?



Oh, sir! Your beautiful
Venetian chandelier, upstairs.
Smashed to smithereens, sir!

Later, Nestor,
tell me later.

Hello?... Police station?
... This is Marlinspike...
What? You're Mr. Cutts,
the butcher?!! Blistering barnacles!...
I beg your pardon.
Wrong number.

I'm sure the num-
ber's 412...

Hello?... Who?
No, Madam, I am
not Mr. Cutts the
butcher!... No
Madam!... No
Madam!... Fiddle-
dee-dee, Madam!



Marlinspike Police
Station... Who is that?
... Oh yes, Captain... Yes...
Shots you say? Someone
injured, in the grounds?
Very good, Captain, we'll
be with you right away.

... and another
vase, sir...
Later, Nestor,
later.

Oh, you've come back!
To fetch some
water. The poor
fellow wants a
drink.



He talks with a strong
foreign accent... He seems
to be badly hurt.



Great snakes! The wounded
man... he's vanished!



WOOAH
WOOAH

WOOAH

OH!

Blistering barnacles! Come out of there, or I'll shoot!



Mercy! Have pity! Please don't kill me! I wouldn't harm a fly... I'm just a simple fellow...



Blistering barnacles, you don't have to tell me that! Just explain what you're doing down there!

Me? ... I... I was hiding.



Somebody tried to murder me! I was walking towards my car... then suddenly: Bang! Bang!... So I said to myself, I said, "Jolyon, someone's trying to kill you..."



Wait... I can hear a car. It must be the police.



Are you the one who telephoned?... Good. The doctor and the ambulance are just behind us. Where is the casualty?



Here I am, Mr. Inspector... Jolyon Wagg... That's me...

You've been shot!

Me? No.



But didn't you report that you'd found a wounded man?

Well, we did, but now he's vanished.



Then why were you pretending to be the victim?

But I am, Mr. Inspector; I'm the victim of an attack; I WAS shot at, so I said to myself, "Jolyon," I said...



They weren't firing at him, sergeant, but the shots must have whistled past him. In fact one went through Calculus's hat.

And who, pray, is Calculus?



Calculus? He's a friend of mine. He came back to the hole with a house in his hat... No, I mean... Anyway, Tintin told me...

And who is Tintin?



Tintin? But this is Tintin! Here...



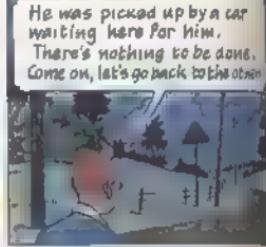
Hey, now where's he gone?



Go on Snowy! Seek it out!



The wounded man got away through this hole in the hedge

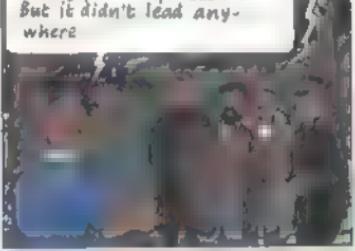


... You mean the glass just broke by itself?



Where have you sprung from?

Snowy picked up a scent. But it didn't lead anywhere

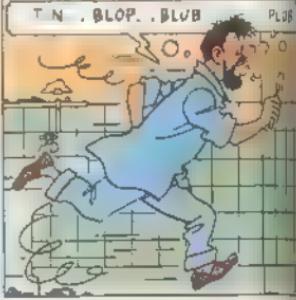


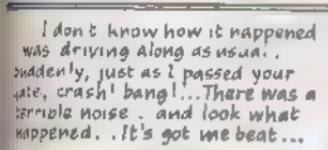
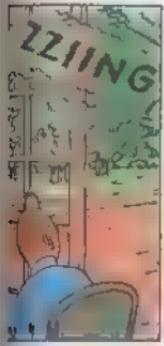
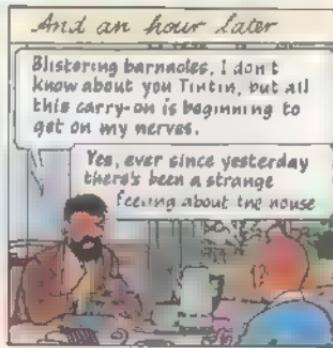
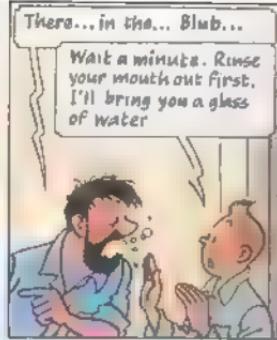
There's nothing more we can do here. We'd better go back to the house we can talk things over more easily there.

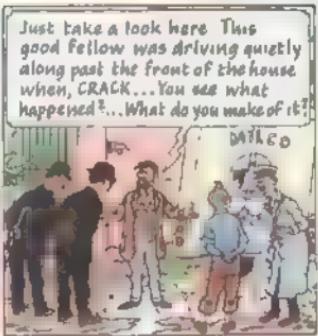
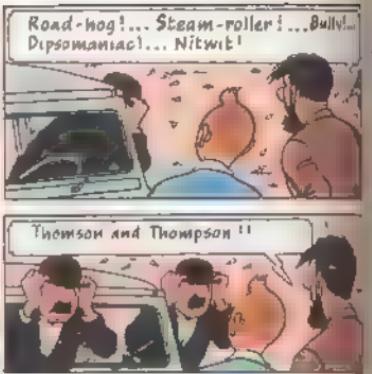
Yes, this case looks a hopeless muddle to me.

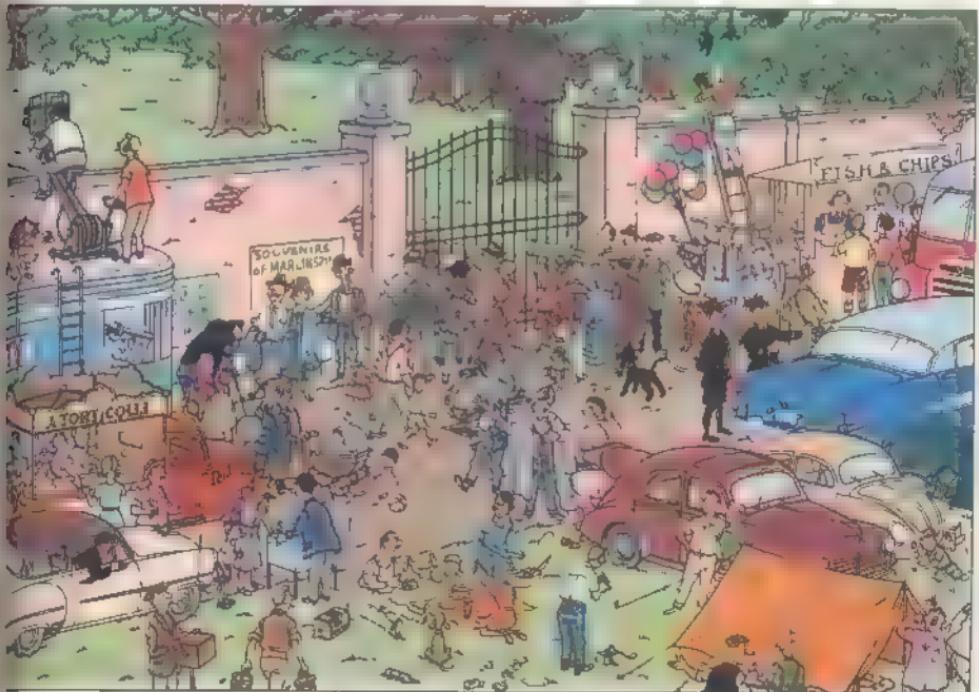


Next morning









Just look at that horde of rubber-necks! They can hardly wait to see the rest of my windows smashed to bits!



No doubt. But somehow I think they are going to be disappointed

What do you mean?



It's just a thought. By the way, I know Calculus hates anyone going into his laboratory, but I'd rather he to have a look round n there. Have you got his key?



Well I've been thinking about this business, and one thing struck me, the glass-breaking only occurred when Calculus was out or, to be more accurate, when he was in his laboratory. And since he left for Geneva yesterday, nothing more has happened



In a nutshell, you suggest our friend Cuthbert's responsible for all those incidents? But that's ridiculous!



I'm not suggesting anything Captain. I'm simply trying to work it out



I say, Captain, can you smell anything?

Sniff... sniff...



It's just sniff tobacco, that's all

Yes, but Calculus doesn't smoke.



Busting barnacles, that's quite right!





Ha! ha na ha! Fooled you properly
that time didn't I, my hearties?

I You B... one of these bluster-
ing barnacles! ... I'll...

Ha ha "Hands Up..." the
old gag never fails!

Now then, this'll cheer you up
I've brought your **insurance**
proposal

I say Captain, look
what's written here in
pencil on this cigar-
ette packet.

What's it?

ROCKAWAY
Cafe
Hotel Inn

By thunder, that's the hotel in
Geneva where Cuthbert usually stays.

Exactly

Captain, something
tells me the professors
in danger there in Geneva
I'm going over to join
them.

Crush it!
Where's that paper
got it gone to?

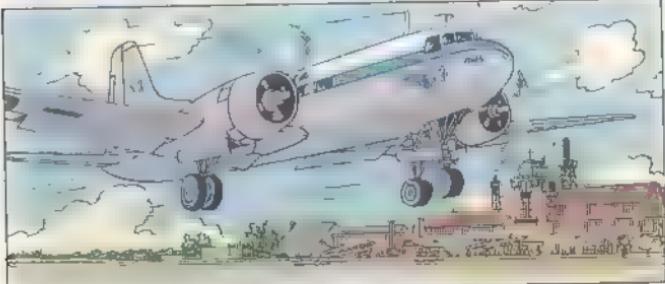
And I suppose you think I'll let
you go alone. Nonsense! I'm
coming with you!

Right

Here's fish!

Come on'
To Geneva!

And the same day



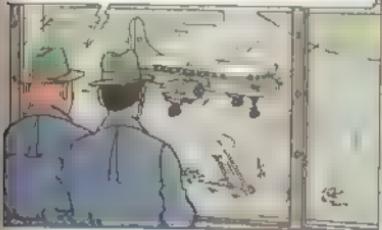
Hello... Hotel Cornavin?
Marr Szhrinkoff, please. Thank
you... Hello, Stefan? Yes, it's me
look, you'd better get a move on.
His friends have just left by air
for Geneva.



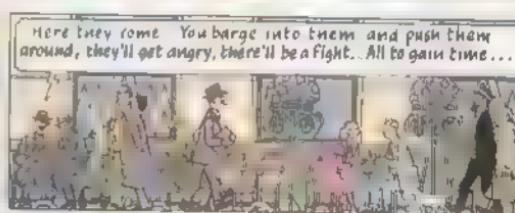
3.30 p.m., at Cornavin Airport, Geneva



O.K., I get it: if they're here, we buzz off to Geneva and wait for them at Cornavin Station, at the Swissair bus terminal!



Three-quarters of an hour later at Cornavin Station



It's very odd... he isn't answering. Yet he should be in his room.

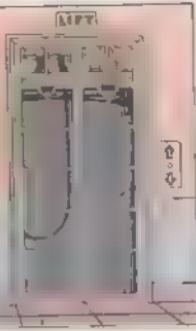
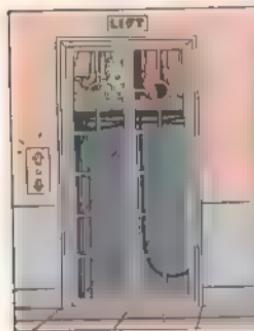
Perhaps he can't hear. We'd better go up. What number is his room, please?

Number 122, fourth floor. The lift is on your left.

Thank you. We'll leave our luggage here.

Fourth floor please.

Certa n.y. sir



You're right. He must have gone out while my back was turned. I'm terribly sorry, sir.

You don't know where he might have gone?

Wait! I've got it. This morning Professor Calculus asked me for the time of trains to Nyon. I remember now. he said he'd take the 4.40. If you hurry you'll still catch him at the station.

wood
thank you



Look out! Here they come

We have exactly seven minutes





Billions of blue blistering barnacles! All because of that Balkan beetle. I can't think why I don't go back.

That's a good idea; we'll go back.

I'm going to have a few words with that

No you won't. We've other things to attend to.

Did Professor Calculus make any telephone calls after my arrival?.. One moment, please. I'll inquire

Hello, sir! Chboard has no 22 made any outside calls since he arrived? No, 22, yes.. To Nyon 9 51 03.. Twice? Thank you very much

Nyon 9 51 03

Hello, inquiries? Could you please give me the name and address of the subscriber at Nyon 9 51 03? Yes, I'll hold on.

Could you take us to Nyon? 57A, route de Saint-Cergue

Ok, sir

Hello, yes...Topolino, Alfredo... 57A, route de Saint-Cergue, Nyon.. Thank you very much.

Did you notice, Captain, that the chap we surprised in Calculus's laboratory and the one who tripped you up were wearing the same sort of raincoat?

Maybe

Go on, Stefan. Overtake them

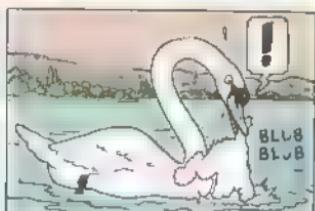
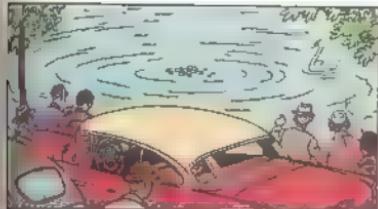
Crumb!... What's happening? We're skidding.

HELP!..HELP!..HELP!

Good. Now then, a little swerve, and jam on the brakes...hard!

Wham

?

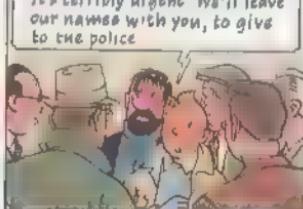


I saw it all! The roadhogs! They swerved deliberately. If they'd wanted to push you into the lake they couldn't have done it better

Am the dr ver's just come round

Thank goodness look here, there's something I must ask you to do for me. Would someone please take us on to Nyon? It's terribly urgent. We'll leave our names with you, to give to the police

Half an hour later.



Here we are, gentlemen. This is Nyon. To reach route de Saint-Cergue you go through the tunnel and turn right

Good. Thank you very much





Come in quickly!...
The back door was
open, I got in that way

Ssh!
Listen.

Not a sound
now

WOOAH!
WOOAH!

Calculus's umbrella!
Well done, Snowy!
This absolutely proves
it; he certainly
came here.

Let's hope we're not
too late. Perhaps
he's still about.

Not a soul... But
what's that on
the table?

A bottle and two glasses.
Someone was expecting us.

Crumbs! Just look at
this book!

Wait a moment
while I fix the
light; it's as dark
as a dungeon in
here with the shutters closed.

There, now we can see properly

I say, Captain,
this is extra-
ordinary!

It's by an American scientist:
"German Research in World
War II"... Captain, this is a
stroke of luck.

Look!... That's the same as the
gear machine we found in
Calculus's laboratory

What is that
book, anyway?

German
Research
in
World War II

Leslie E. Simon

Ha! ha! ha! In fact, you've
put your head right into
the lion's mouth...

You will pay dearly for your folly, Lawton, my friend! Ha' ha' ha'... At last we can settle our account...

The radio.

The radio!... You set it going when you plugged in the lamp.

It's useless to shout, that w. l. do you no good...

Great snakes!... THAT C GARETTE!... Another!

Well, what about that cigarette?

Look at the brand

See here; it's the same as the packet dropped in Calculus's laboratory by that bistro-varnac no t'ie!

CLANG
CLANG

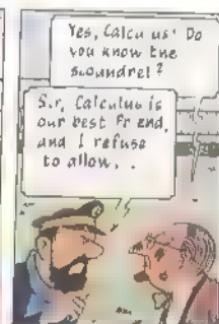
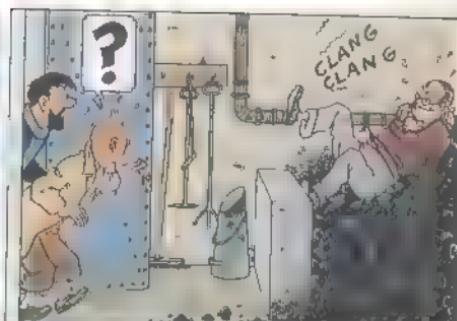
Listen... there it is again.

Careful... Go quietly: don't make a noise.

Shh!

How silly they are
They've forgotten Uncle Cuthbert's nice new brolly!





Who is Boris?

Boris? He's my servant. He smokes very little, and only these cigarettes. He gets them direct from Borduria.

From Borduria?.. Boris is a Bordurian? Where is he?

He left for home yesterday evening. They sent a telegram. His mother has just been taken ill.

Oho! It's 5.31

I think I'm beginning to understand. Yes... But what's your story, Professor?

Your wine has rare distinction

Well, it's like this. About a month ago I had the first letter from Calculus

He wrote to say that he was on the verge of a sensational discovery, in the field of ultrasonics. As I am a specialist in that subject, he sought my advice. Last week another letter arrived. He had succeeded.

But it seems that the consequences of his invention so alarmed him that he wished to talk to me. I arranged to see him today.

Er... This bottle was intended for him?

Exactly. But help yourself if you feel like it. This afternoon Calculus arrived, a little earlier than I expected, and we began to chat.

Then I bent down to pick up some papers. I looked up, and there was Calculus, brandishing a pistol... Then I came to in the collar, bound and gagged

I've got it!

Do you know this man?

Never seen him. Who's he?

Calculus! The one and only Calculus! So it wasn't he who knocked you out; it was someone else, masquerading as the Professor. Meanwhile the real Calculus arrived

You're sure the timing mechanism hasn't stopped?

Don't panic! Only a few seconds to go.

On sorry!
Not at all!

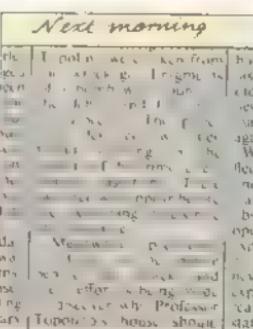
And Calculus did come here; his umbrella proves that.. He was met by the man who knocked you out, and then pretended to be you

Good night, Professor!

That's how it must have happened

BOOM!

Up she goes! That's got rid of the whole bunch in one stroke



In you go!

Here we are

Gentlemen, the statements you made yesterday have been checked and confirmed. You will be released immediately. I must apologize for our mistake

That's quite all right, Mr. Magistrate. None of this would have happened if our credentials hadn't been stolen... with our luggage

We're in Swiss dis
guise while we're
searching for our
Friends Tintin and
Haddock. We have
important news
for them

You'll find them
in the hospital,
quite near here.

A little later
Tintin and Captain
Haddock? I'll take
you to the room.
You're not alone.
They're getting ready
to leave

I say how clean these
hospitals are just look
at the shine on the floors!



Yes, important news. We caught him
the man in the park who was wounded,
then ran away. He's Sydavian. But we
can't get another thing out of him. He
swears he was there "quite by chance".

Quite by chance
I bet he was
Thanks to the
same. I'm terribly
sorry you're tipped
up. We must be
off to the pol's
stat on Goodbye
For now

.. This is how I see it. Calculus had perfected
an ultra-sonic instrument, capable of
destroying glass from a distance, glass and
- who knows? whole buildings, tanks,
ships... In short, a terrible weapon. In a
letter to Topolino, Cuthbert described his
work



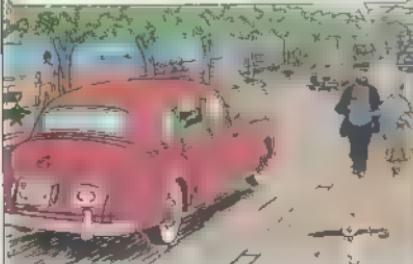
This letter was discovered
by Topolino's servant, a
Bordurian called Boris, who
tipped off his country's sec-
ret service. But the Sydavian
espionage got wind of the
invention too, and sent an
agent to Marlinspike. He
stumbled upon his Bordurian
rival, who shot him



So far so good. Then Calculus
arrives in Geneva, but we're
close behind. And since we
make life difficult for spies
and kidnappers, they try to
eliminate us. Right... The plan
thing's to find Calculus.



But where can he be? ... Who knows what
they have done with poor Cuthbert?



Blue blistering barnacles!
A lighted cigarette! The fat-
headed Fire-raiser!



Not-witted nissep no. Bash
bazouks! A "C.D." plate &
do as you like! Certified
Diplodocuses, that's what
you are!



Look at this cigarette,
Captain. The same
brand once again!

"Thundering typhoons,
you're right."

... it was a CD car.
Diplomatic Corps. That
means from an embassy,
and most probably the
Bordurian Embassy. We
must find out where that
is. A post office directory
will tell us. We'd better go
back to Nyon.

There Bordurian
Embassy "Les Cygnes",
Rolle

Rolle. That's
a few miles
from Nyon.

Well then, this afternoon we'll
reconnoitre. We'll go out to
Rolle and spy out the land.
And tonight, Captain, we'll
go into action!

That night

PLHHH
Blood trickles

Man
eating
pests

PCHHH

Lucky I brought
this along!

PCHHH

Don't make a
sound Captain
we're nearly there

BZZZ
BZZZ
No... just a
couple more
shots!

BZZRRBZRR
Here comes an
absolute whopper
Listen to the din

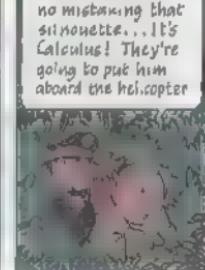
PCHHH
OH!
Sorry!

He's landing on
the lawn... Moor
the boat and we'll
have a look.

Look over there,
something's coming.

Crumbs! The man
in the middle
no mistaking that
silhouette... It's
Calculus! They're
going to put him
aboard the helicopter

Good heavens!
What's happening?



Someone's trying to rescue Calculus! Quick, Captain, let's give them a hand!

I'm with you! Come on!

But how can we tell friends from enemies?

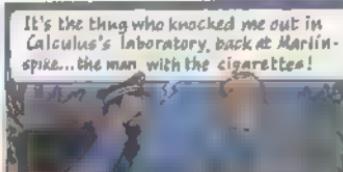
Go for the ugliest... That won't be difficult - you'll see

Now which has the ugliest mug? It looks about 5 feet fifty.

Tintin! Is it really you? I can't believe my eyes!



Next please



It's the thing who knocked me out in Calculus's laboratory, back at Marlin-spike... the man with the cigarettes!



Rapp! Non dire niente!



Gangsters!...Anacoloutsos.
Bashi-bazouke!

We'd better not hang
around here, Captain! The
others will be back.

We must get under
cover, quickly.

There they are. Let's
get back to the lawn.

By the whiskers of Kärv-Tasch!
These accursed Sydavians have
got away with the Professor!

Only one thing to do:
go after them in
the helicopter.

Good idea!

We're overhauling them fast.
You can see their wake
clearly.

I've them all-right, heading towards France.

Blistering barnacles!
Another mosquito, inside this gold-ch-bowl!

By the Scapre of
Ottokar! Their heli-
copter's on our tail!

OH! You monster!
Just you wait...
Where's my spray-gun?

PSCHH

HUKKH HUKKH HUKKH

Go on Vladimir,
they're within range.

HUKKH
HUKKH

PITTATASZ!

The gangsters & start shooting barnacles, they're shooting at us!

Quick, let's climb a bit higher!

Crumbs! How shall we. Ah! The radio! Captain the radio. There be de you

Hello hello! SOS! SOS! Hello! Police! Calling the police! Hello police! Hello!

Hello, this is SB3! Answering, I am an amateur! I am receiving you loud and clear! Please identify yourself!

Hooray! An answer!

Hello SB3!.. Hello SB3!.. This is Captain Haddock and I

This is Jolyon Wagg of the Rock Bottom Insurance. Blow me! Fancy meeting you again! So you're another radio-amateur? Ha! ha! ha! That takes the biscuit, as my Uncle Anatole used to say...

Listen, Mr Wagg. You must warn the police at once. We're in a heli-copter flying over the Lake of Geneva, and we're following a motor boat with Calculus in it. He's been kidnapped...

Ha ha ha! You old humbug, you! But you can't catch Jolyon Wagg that easy! You can't teach your grandmother to suck eggs, you know! By the way, what about your insurance?

Blistering barnacles! Shut up about your insurance! I'm not joking. You must get in touch with both the French and Swiss police. Those things must be arrested!

Ha ha ha! While I'm about it, would you like me to ring up the Admiralty and get them to send the Home Fleet? Get away, Haddock!

You ectoplasm you! Will you or will you not warn the police? And get a move on! The boats just reached the shore. I can't see it any more. Is hidden by trees. What are they doing? On head! ghts! I see they're putting Calculus into a car

There they go! The boat's just put out again. Thundering typhoons.

Hello, Wagg, hello! We're going after the car now. Listen, I'll buy all the police you like, but for heaven's sake warn the police!

You should be a radio-commentator! Anyone'd think it was real! Ha! ha!

Doon! Look out, over there... LOOK OUT!

Ay oh!
Power
cables!



We just missed them. But
blistering barnacles, we're
out of control!

Whew! We're safe!

In fact we must have trimmed
the tree tops



Ha ha ha!
Still keeping
up the com-
mentary!
You know you're
an absolute
wuv at the
mike Captain!



You prize purple
jellyfish, you!
Must I kill myself
drumming it
into your thick
skull? This is no
joke. Now listen
to me, Haag



Don't bother, Captain, it's
too late anyway. Look the
petrol gauge is down to zero.
A bullet must have holed
the tank. The only thing we
can do is to land on the
road in front of the car and
force it to stop



Help! She's misfiring!



No, the engines picked up



Quick! Down on the road



That's it!



There they are
BUT



Thundering typhoons!
They must 'ave a Jack
Brabham at the wheel!

That's that. They've
slipped through our
fingers. And fa-
culas with them

Now what'll
we do?



First we'd better clear
the road in case of
accidents

Then cont'ne on
foot and try to
reach him

An' a car
Let's thumb
a lift



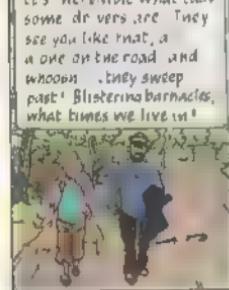
Blackguards' Ead stu' N'wts'
Tropicodites!... Po' vagabonds!

It's incredibile what cadre
some drivers are. They
see you like that, a
a one on the road, and
whoosh... they sweep
past! Blistering barnacles,
what times we live in!

Hey, here comes the bus!

Beasts! Auto-
crats! Profiteers!
Fat faces!
Tramps!

There ought to be a law to
make those infernal
mangle merchants stop
wreckin' people's lives!



Ah another. Let's
try again

Bah, they
won't stop
you, I see

Oh we'll get at despair
There are still a few decent
men left in the world

Tutu! Wait! STOP!



Quick! Into the wood



Hurry... Get down like me



Why is that particular puddle?



I say Captain what are you so ha?

Blistering barnacles get down They! I start shooting any moment! Didn't you recogno the black Citroen?



The black Citroen? No Captain, you've got it wrong. It was black all right, but it had a French number plate, the other one was Swiss.

Are... are you quite sure?



Absolutely certain. Come on, perhaps they're still there.



But I promise you, my pet there were two people in the road who signalled to me.

And I say Jules, that it's time you went to the outfit and ordered stronger glasses.



And on top of it all, you're soaked...

Oh the sun will soon dry me off



Hmm! I wouldn't count on it.



If only we had an umbrella!



An umbrella? Captain, what are we? Look!

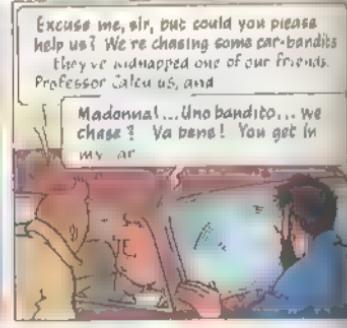
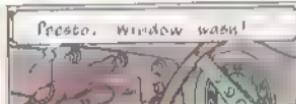


?

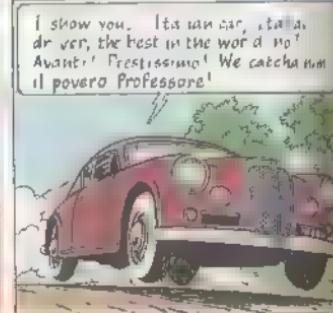
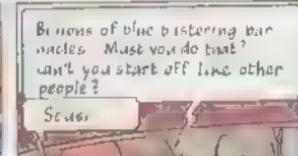
Yes, and meanwhile poor Calculus is being whisked further and further away!

At last! There's a tobacconist. I'm going to buy an ounce or two.

You go on, I won't be a minute.



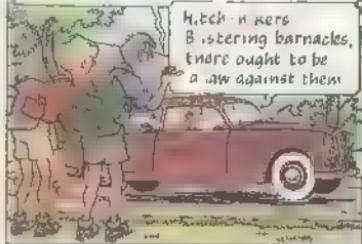
Madonna!... Uno bandito... we chase! Va bene! You get in my car



Perhaps we'd better explain. Our
front-end Calculus has an invention
which secret agents from a
foreign power are trying to steal.
That is why they kidnapped
Calculus.



But a rival gang probably secret agents from another country, grabbed our friend.



As I was saying, this second gang snatched our friend from the first lot. We...er. Don't you think we'd better slow down?



Mamma mia! ... Whatta is happenin'? This noise is peculiare,
Diavolo! I think now: uno
pistone? ... Una valvola?



Did' You think I
drive troppo
presto?



Er... I believe the Captain thinks that you're flying too low...

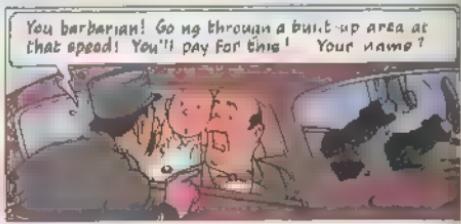
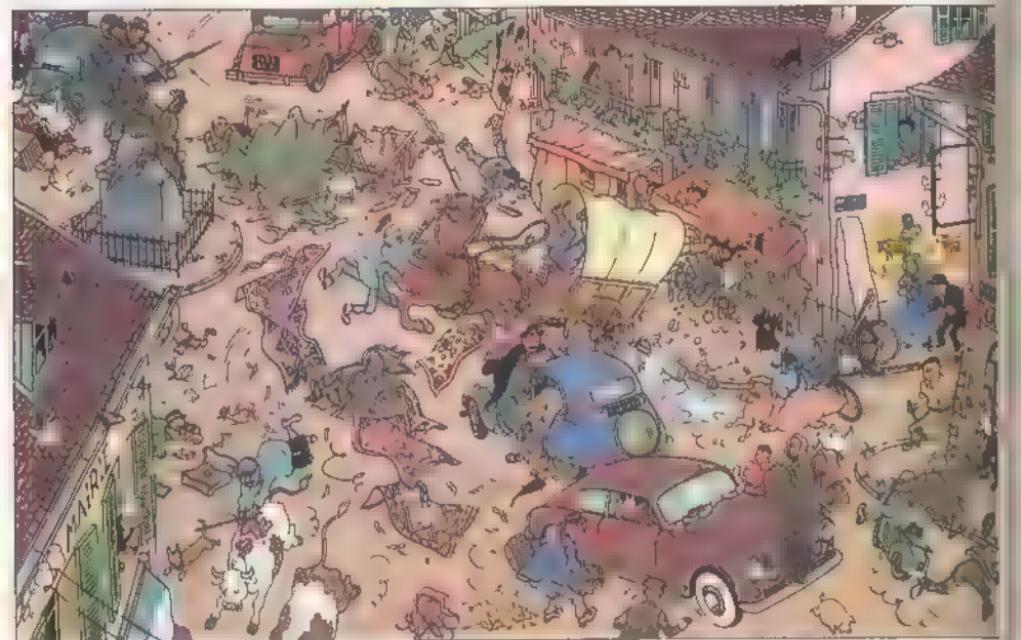
CLICK



Ten thousand thundering typhoons!
Must you drive like a lunatic?

There it is. That
car there! The
Chrysler that's
just gone through
the village





Blistering barnacles, we'll break our necks I tell you!



There they are again.

Bene Bene' We, catcha them up.



Thundering typhoon! The level-crossing barriers closing. We're too late to get through.



ZZINGG

ZZINGG



Whew! Thundering typhoon, if we go on like this I'll have a heart attack!

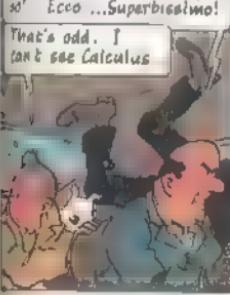


... Now, we give a nice little swerve, so! ...



We put on the brakes, so! Ecco... Superbisalmo!

That's odd. I can't see Calculus

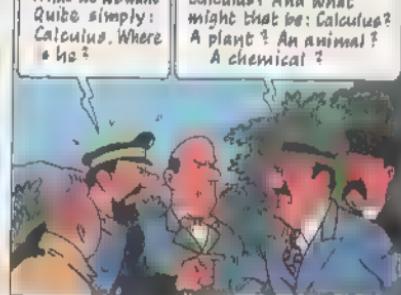


By heaven! What do you think you're playing at? What do you want?



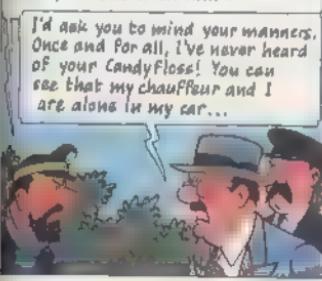
What do we want? Quite simply: Calculus. Where is he?

Calculus? And what might that be: Calculus? A plant? An animal? A chemical?



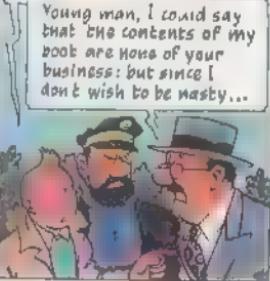
You know as well as we do! What have you done with him?

I'd ask you to mind your manners. Once and for all, I've never heard of your Candyfloss! You can see that my chauffeur and I are alone in my car...



What about the boot?

Young man, I could say that the contents of my boot are none of your business: but since I don't wish to be nasty...



There! Now where's your Coelacanth? Inside the spare wheel, I suppose.



Does that satisfy you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes? Or would you like to dismantle my carburetor? Not! In that case, get out of the road and let me pass. You've wasted enough of my time already.



Mamma mia! You fool me nicely, yes?... You tell me the big fib, yes? You just wanna to make hitch-hike... and me stupid who believes you! Madonna, how you fool me! Va bene. Now you walk. Addio!



What can have happened? Did we follow the wrong car?... Or did Calculus stay in the motor-boat?



GREAT SNAKES.

Hey, what's the matter? Now what's burning you up?



YEOW!



What idiots we are! Under the back seat!

Why? What? Who on back seat?



It was rather high up... That's where they've hidden poor Calculus! We let ourselves be hoodwinked like a couple of kids... Come on!



Old Calculus has certainly led us a pretty dance around the countryside.



That aeroplane looks as if it's landing is there an airfield near here? If that's the case, we're saved.



Come on, let's take this footpath. When we get to the airfield we'll ask if there's a plane available.



What's all this? No airfield? It's come down in a meadow.



Look! There, behind those trees!

The Chrysler



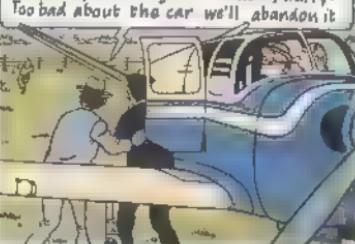
There's Calculus! They're putting it aboard the plane. Quick Captain!



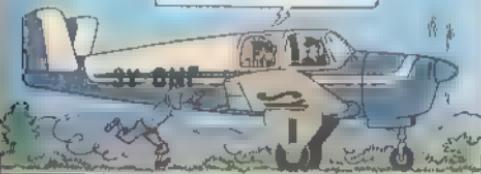
By St. Vladimir! There are those madmen again!



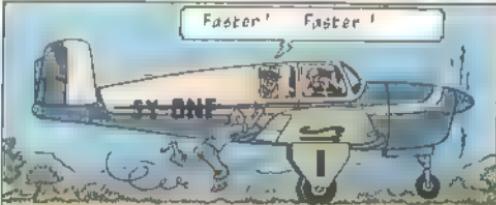
Quick, Stanislas, climb aboard! And start up the engine! Bodoff, hurry! Too bad about the car, we'll abandon it.



Step on it, Bodoff!



Faster! Faster!



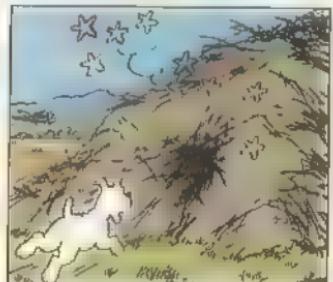
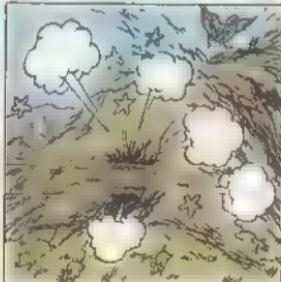
What are you waiting for? Take off!



Ah! That's it!



At last, Calculus is ours!



Wooah! Woooah!



WODAH!



YOW! OW! OW!



HELP! HELP!



SAVE ME!

Great snakes!
Poor Captain

Hurry, blistering barnacles! Help me!



A few minutes later

Thundering typhoons,
you were right! The back
seat is now... The pirates!
That's where they hid
him!



Listen Captain, we
mustn't waste time.
It was a Syldavian
aircraft - we'll go
back to Geneva and
take the first plane
for Syldavia.

Right

Next morning in Geneva

While you buy the tickets
I'll get some papers. Then
I'll put a call through
to Mar. in Spike...



Two seats for Klaw,
sir? Certainly The
plane leaves from
Country in two
hours' time



Incredible!... Fantastic!
That's upset the applescart!



You Carpathian Bashi-bazouks:
That's the second time you've
crossed my path. I hope for your
sakes there won't be a third. You
two-timing Tartar twisters,
you!... Understand?



Just remember,
I've got my eye on you!



Isle
what's
happened
to you?

Er... Nothing.
a slight mishap
But read this,
it's incredible...



BORDURIAN-SYLDARIAN INCIDENT

Bordurian fighters force down
Syldarian plane

VIOLATION
OF OUR
AIR SPACE"
SAYS SZHOD

A Bordurian Air Ministry communiqué reports that a Syldarian aircraft has been intercepted by fighters while flying over Bordurian territory. Despite repeated warnings,

"UNPROVOKED
TASCHIST
AGGRESSION"

NOW PROTESTS

In an official note the Syldarian Ministry of Foreign Affairs has protested vigorously against unprovoked aggression by the Bordurian Air Force towards an unarmed

Great snakes! This alters everything. I bet that's the plane Calculus was in. Now he's fallen into Bordurian hands again. They never give up, do they?



Your
tickets
for know,
s?

We don't need
them! We're
going to Széhod,
in Borduria.

Yes er can
we by any chance



I'm sorry, sir, the flight
to Széhod is fully booked.
The last two seats have
just been taken. However,
if you would care to
wait



... we may have
a last-minute
cancellation.
In that case
we can make
arrangements
for you



By the whiskers of
Kúrví-Tasch! They
want to go to Széhod,
you can bet your life.
But we took the last
two seats. I wonder...



You'll wait here? Good.
I'm just going to see if
I can get through to
Marlinspike

Al right

Yes, Marlinspike 421.
Thank you, I'll hold
on



Hello?... Hello,
Marlinspike? Hello
is that you, Nestor?
What?... Who's
that speaking?...



Hello, operator
That was the wrong
number I asked
for 421. Yes, 421.



Hello? Hello, is
that 421? Is that
you, Nestor? This
is Captain Haddock
Who is that
speaking? Who?!



Wagg... Jolyon Wagg.
Proper lark this is, eh?
You old humbug, you
didn't half give me a
laugh with your heli-
copter chase. What?
What am I doing here?



It turned out nice, so I brought
the wife for a little visit to
your country seat... Yes... Who?
... Nestor?... I'll hand you over to
him; he's got a good joke to
tell you... Hi, Nestor, it's your boss



WHAT?

Hello. Ah, Nestor,
how are you?... Yes
No. Perhaps
And what's your news
at Marlinspike?



I'm afraid it's the truth, sir. The Professor's laboratory has been stripped too, sir. Absolutely everything. Quite so, last night Yes, sir, the police came this morning



Did they find any clues? You Hello? What did you say Nestor?



No, it's me, Wagg. . . Don't worry, old boy; it's better than a slap in the eye with a wet kipper, as my Uncle Anatole used to say. Besides..



Thundering Eypoofs! Shut up about your Uncle Anatole and put me back to Nestor, or I'll do something desperate!

Right away.. You know, your insurance is ready. And you'll see, I've taken care of everything. You've got the lot: theft, fire, hailstorms, air-disasters..



Wagg! Billions of blious blue blistering bar-nacles! Hello! HELLO!



Now I've been cut off!!



I say, what's the matter now?

What's the matter? It's Calculus's laboratory at Marlinspike! Rifled! emptied! ram sacked! Those gangsters have taken all his apparatus



And when I think they're probably in league with those two Patagonian savages... Hello, they've weighed anchor

So they have they've gone



Excuse me, sir! Sir! Sir!



Someone's just telephoned: we have two vacant seats on the plane for Szohd... but the coach leaves in five minutes. Well that be...



Thanks we'll take them



Bon voyage, gentlemen. We're only too delighted to give you our seats.



You're the last, sir, We're just off now.

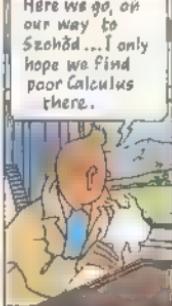




At Cointain airport, 1.40pm.



Here we go, on our way to Szohôd... I only hope we find poor Calculus there.



Billions of bllicous blue blistering barnacles!



Just look at this confounded sticking plaster! How did it get itself on to my cap? It's black magic, I tell you.



Meanwhile in Genova

Hello, operator, I want Szohôd 322 18. Yes Szohôd. What? A delay? But it's urgent! Good. Try and hurry things along.



Hello? ...
Hello? Yes, I can hear you CRACKLE FART Hello Szonô? Hello! FRRR! Hello?!



Hello? Yes I can hear you. Hello? GLOW! CRR! WHOO! Hello? What? Ah, is you Gahminkoff Amain! CRRR! He!?

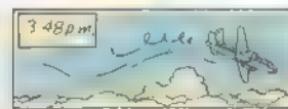


2.57pm



Hello? FRRWT... Hello, I can't hear you CLACK What? FRRR CRACK Can't you speak up?... What?

3.48pm.



3.03pm



Yes, Haddock! A sort of sea-dog with a beard. CLACK BZZ Beard. HI P No beard CRR He has a beard XWHICH KWON! Yes... beard!

4.30pm



Hello! CRACK... Yes, I've got it... CRACK... FRR-RRT. By the whiskers of Kûrvî-Tasch, what a line! Captain Haddock and Tuttu! O.K., O.K. I'll warn the airport control at once... Amain!



Hello airport police here Amain Kûrvî-Tasch, sir! The plane from Genova! It's just in... What? What names?



That's a relief, I can tell you. I thought they might have had warning of our arrival.



A few minutes later

Ah Captain, this is a great privilege for us. We in Borduria salute you, hero of that glorious interplanetary flight... Amaith!



And you too Marvin I am proud to shake the hand which... er... First set foot on the Moon! I salute you. Amaith!



The ancient traditions of Bodurian hospital by demand that we ensure your absolute comfort and safety.



As I was saying: your safety... Two interpreters will therefore accompany you during your stay here. They will take you wherever you may wish to go... and at whatever time.



These gentlemen, Krönick and Klämbi, are entirely at your service. They will take you to the Hotel Tzschätz, where rooms are booked for you. I wish you a pleasant stay... Amaith!



Ten minutes later in Scophia

And this is Kürv - Tsch Platz. Your hotel is just round the corner.



BIANCA CASTAFIORE !!!



Did you see? That was Signor Bianca Castafiore the Milanese who sang. She's singing at the Széchéd Opera. If you wish, we will go to hear her one evening. She is sublime as Marguerite, in "Faust".



Here are the keys. We will escort you to your rooms.



This is yours, Captain. I hope you will be comfortable.



Yours is a little further down. Unfortunately there were no adjoining rooms.



Here you are, Captain Tintin. We will come and fetch you for dinner in an hour! If you need us before then don't hesitate to ring - we're entirely at your service.

Thank you, gentlemen.



We're prisoners all right, Snowy and no mistake about it. The fact that it's a gilded cage doesn't make any difference.



Hello? Oh, it's you, Captain! ... What?



Boisterous barnacles, I said that at the first opportunity we'll ditch those two leopards! That's agreed, sure?



Er... Oh yes. You're referring to those two butterflies you caught by the lake in Geneva. But those aren't leopards, Captain, they're lepidoptera.



What are you jabbering about? Lepidoptera? Lepidoptera to you too! Hello? Hello?



Crumbs! How can I understand that our telephone is bound to be tapped!



Hello? Yes, yes. We were cut off! ... er... Don't worry about the butterflies, Captain.



Let's talk about the simply wonderful hospitality of this exquisite country. What good taste! What tact! And then their um... their courtesy! And above all their... how shall I put it? their friendliness, friendliness which is entirely... er... friendly... um...



But... But... Look here! Blister... Thunder...



Keep on recording. This could be interesting.

Ten thousand thundering typhoons! Now I'm going to chuck you out of the window!



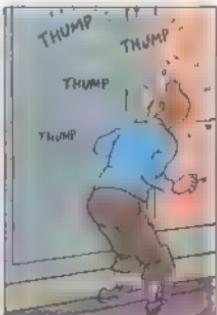
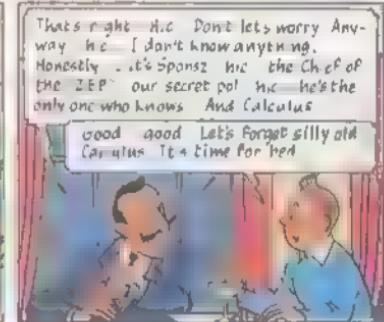
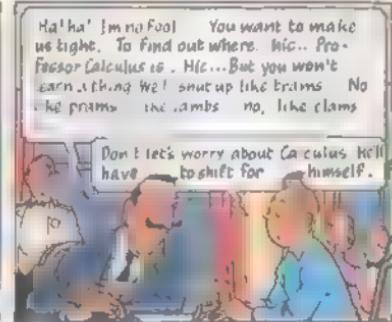
What? No, bursting barnacles. It's that sounderin' lot of tickin' plaster. It's following me about!

We good luck I'll give you to sort things out together but don't forget we go down to dinner in an hour

An hour later

Captain I propose we crack a bottle of champagne in honour of these gentlemen

Champagne? Champagne for this aang?



Thundering typhoons! He'll rouse the whole hotel!

Wait! I'll open the door and we'll see.

THUMP!

H.C. Not gone to bed yet². I just want ed. m.e. to give you your cap. hic. Now, I stay in the... hic... corridor I... be hic... very comfortable; they've put a bed there.

"BANG"

That's it. Now then let's go.

Crumb! Get back, quick!

?

Get us out! And hurry!

Disgustingly drunk... That's why I telephoned the ZEP immediately.

You did we! All the exits are guarded.

Whew! They've gone. Did you hear?

Wait. Perhaps over here

Saved! It's the fire-escape!

Blistering barnacles. We're trapped!

What'll we do²? An I think I've got an idea.

Alright Captain! Ready?

HOTEL ZSNÖRR

"BANG"

This is it! Come on!

A broken light-bulb!
But where can that
have come from?

Hi!

Quick. The lights
are still green!

SZTÖPP!

Meanwhile . . .

Yes gentlemen, we of the
high command are assem-
bled today to hear about
a remarkable discovery.
After protracted research
Bordurian scientists have
succeeded in
perfected a weapon..

that will soon make H bombs and bal-
listic missiles as obsolete as pikes and
matchets! The day is not far off gentle-
men when this weapon will make the
people of Borduria, and their glorious
ruler Kürvi-Tasch masters of the world.

To prove this to you, I invite you to
give your undivided attention to the screen

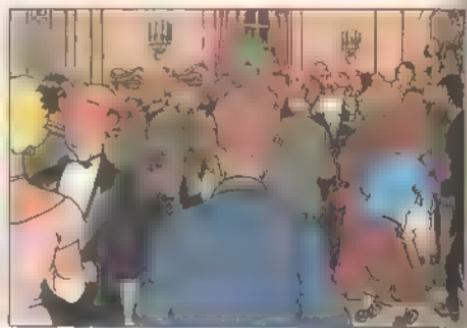
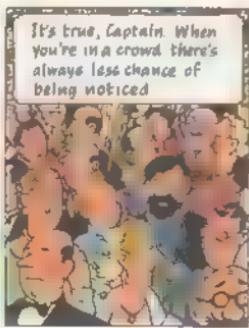
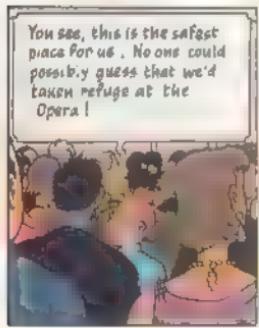
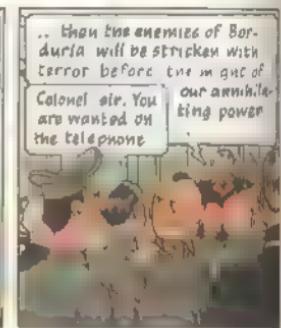
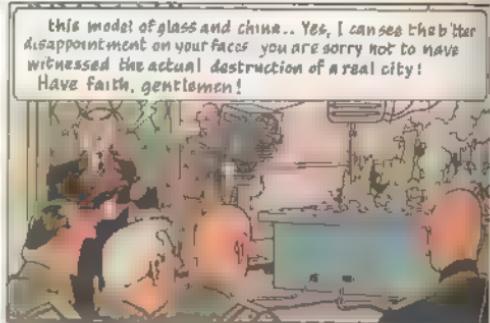
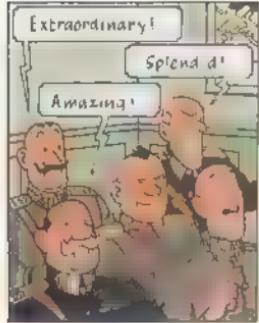
Here challenging the world with its
giant skyscrapers, & a great trans-At-
lantic city which it is superfluous to name.

Gentlemen, at our command this
city is doomed! In a few seconds it
will be reduced to rubble. I have
only to press this button . . .

You see those proud buildings sway-
ing on their foundations, they are
cracking, disintegrating, toppling

. . . and crumbling to dust.
A whole city is wiped from
the face of the earth!

So!



Just look there's Colonel Sponsz the Chief of Police

So this is Colonel Sponsz!

Sponsz here. And Calculus's fate depends on that man. Little does he know that he and his two henchmen passed within a yard of us!

RRRRRRRRRING

It's the end of the inter-
val. Shall we push off?

I think it's better to wait till the end of the show. Then we can leave with the crowd.

An hour later.

It's hopeless! The exits are
stuffed with policemen. Let's try
to slip out through the stage door.

Why, ooh who's here?
It's Tintin!

Hello, my dear young
Fr. and How delighted
I am to see you here.

Ah you little fatterer so
you've come to congratulate
me, with this this fisherman
Mr? Mr?

Er. Haddock er Mad-
dad Excuse me Haddock

Come into my dress room. Yes yes. I can't
leave my admirers in
the passage... I've put
on Marguerite's prettiest
gown for you... Come
along in

You heard it? Such a success, wasn't it?
One of the greatest triumphs of my
career. What applause, especially for the
jewel song. They were in ecstasys, weren't
they, Mr Paddock?

Haddock Madam

RAT TAT
TAT

Again? An,
they won't
leave me alone
for a moment!
...Oh well...
Come in!

Signora, it's Colonel Sponsz, the Chief of Police
He wishes to pay his respects to you

But of course! Show
him in girl.

?

?

Just a minute Signorat...The Colonel. Listen, I'll explain everything later...but at all costs he mustn't find us here!

Do... What shall we do?

Irma, wait a moment. Quick hide in my wardrobe, behind this curtain.

There... Show the Colonels in Irma!



I am deeply honoured Ma'am to... to find myself in the presence of the celebrated singer who er who.

Fie Colonel! You make me blush!

But do please sit down.

You are too kind.

Oh forgive me! I've sat on something. It's a naval officer's cap.

Busting barnacles! My cap!



I Oh yes Er it belongs to the tenor who sings in 'Madame Butterfly'. He forgot it yesterday. But do take off your coat, Colonel.

With pleasure, Ma'am.

Take the Colonel's coat please, Irma!

Now Irma, bring the champagne. It's an old habit of mine, Colonel. Champagne after each performance. You'll take a glass with me?

I fear I intrude Ma'am



Not at all, not at all. Come Colonel make yourself useful. You may open the bottle.

But of course Ma'am. Your wish is my command.



suppose you think
you find them in here
you dunderheaded
nitwits. Go on, get out!
After turn, before I ex-
plode.



POP



Please excuse those num-
skulls Ma'am. They're hunt-
ing for two spies.

Oh do tell me about them
Colonel, I adore spy
stories! Your health,
Colonel.

Spies! Us!
Barefaced liar



Your health, Ma'am. Well it's
this way our secret service have
managed to "invite" to Bordur a foreign professor, origin-
ator of a sensational discovery. It
concerns a secret weapon. Once
this has been perfected it will
give us world supremacy

Oh, but that's sim-
ply wonderful!



Yes but the perfecting of it depends
upon the professor. And up till now
he refuses to give us his data!
Now this is the reason he doesn't want
his invention used for warlike
purposes. I ask you!

These Professors!
Always wanting the moon!



Hai ha. You don't know how true that
is! But, just now he's on the earth
between ourselves. He's in the fort-
ress of Bahune. And by the way
news of when Tash he stay there
till he decides to give up the
planet!



Oh, I'm sure he will
in the end

I hope so, for his sake! Anyway, I
have a signed order for his release
in my coat pocket. Tomorrow we'll
have to choose either he gives up
his plans or he'll never be heard of again

And supposing he does give up his
plans, Colonel. What happens when
he gets home, and tells all?



Ha ha! I've foreseen that if we set
the professor free, it will be in the
presence of two representatives of the
international Red Cross. He'll have to
declare in front of them that he came
to Borduria of his own free will to
offer us his plans. I have passes for
these two representatives in my coat,
too.

How clever of you,
Colonel! Brilliant!



Oh, just part of my job Ma'am. But
I am going to and I'm passes
if I may dare to presume... My wife
is giving a small party for some friends
tonight and I would give us much
pleasure if you would agree to come,
just as you are, and sing for us.

But of course I'm afraid the
colonel's coat please, and in me



Next morning at the
fortress of Bahune.



See, Colonel. Sponz has sent
you to take charge of the
professor. Your papers look in
order to me, and the order of
release... However...



Better safe than sorry.
I'd better check that every-
thing's all right. Will you
excuse me?

But but
of course



He o, ZEP? This is the commandant at
Bahune, Major Kardouk. Would you put
me through to Colonel Sponz?



Hello?...What?...Oh, he's not in yet. Who is that? His secretary? In that case, perhaps you can help me...



Oh yes. Two representatives from the International Red Cross... Their passes? Quite all right Major. I made them out myself. And the order for release? Yes, Major that's quite all right too, the colonel signed it yesterday morning. Yes. Am I right?



Well gentlemen, everything's perfectly in order, I'll send for Professor Calculus.



A moment later...

An' the joy, a pom-pom-pom
A pom-pom pom.. pom S

Here comes the chief! He sounds in
good form this morning



Amah! Kavitch... What's the news?... Any trace of Calculus's friends?

Nothing at all, Colonel. Not a sign of them



That's it resume... Very tiresome. I wonder where those two artful dodgers managed to hide. Nothing else besides that?

Nothing at all, sir



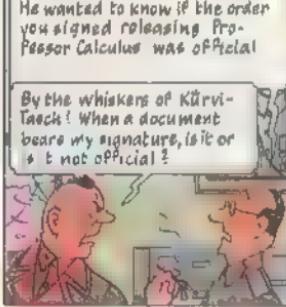
Oh yes.. Ma, or Kardouk rang up

Kardouk? That old bore! And what did he want this time?



He wanted to know if the order you signed releasing Professor Calculus was official

By the whiskers of Kürvitzaach! When a document bears my signature, is it or is it not official?



Yes, Colonel. That's exactly what I told him, sir...



You... you did say the order releasing Professor Calculus?

Why.. yes, Colonel



The papers!... It's treason!... They've been stolen!



Hello... Yes it's me Amah! Colo. What!.. Professor Calculus. But sir!



WHAT? Their car's just gone? By all the hairs in the whiskers of Kürvitzaach, if you don't get them back... I'll have you shot!





Yes, it's me, Haddock! And there's Tintin, driving us to safety

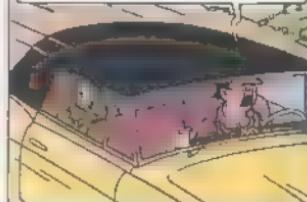


I'll tell you the whole story. The biggest one is that Colonel Sponsz himself provided the means of your escape! Magnificent, eh? And luckily it all happened at the Opera House; it only took a jiffy to find all we needed for disguises! Quite something, eh?

And my umbrella? ^



Yes, but don't start counting your chickens! It's two hours by car to the frontier, and if our little bluff is discovered before we're across...



What did I tell you? Motor bikes!



They've raised the alarm! That's bad

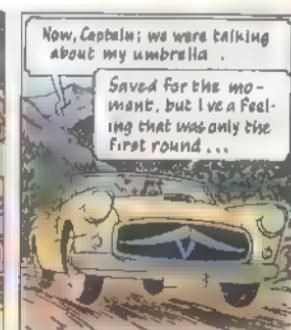


Quick, Captain! Unclip the hood at the back. When you've done that, I'll let go at the front...



One!

Two! They're both down in the ditches!



Now, Captain; we were talking about my umbrella.

Saved for the moment, but I've a feeling that was only the first round...



OH!... How right I was! Look there! A bank blocking the road! Jam on the brakes!

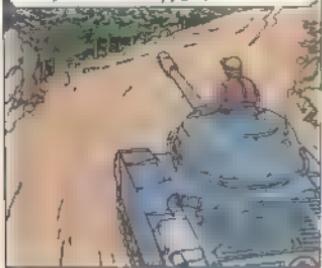


We're skidding

HELP! HELP!



By the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch,
they came a cropper!



If they're underneath that lot, there's
not very much to be done



BROOMM



A chance in a million! If we hadn't been
thrown clear of the car...



Poor old Calulus is fearfully
groggy... I say, Tintin, watch
out! You'll have us in the
ditch again!

I'm doing my
best but



I haven't driven a tank
since our Moon trip



Crumbs... A road block!



Too bad! I'll ram it



What? What's
that you say?
A tank! They've
taken a tank!
Blow them up!
Exterminate
them! Pulver-
ise them!!



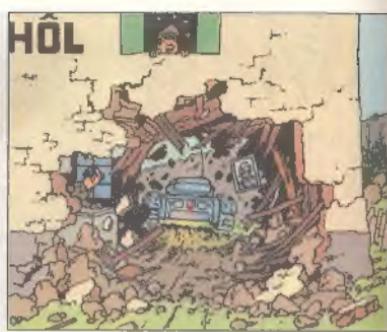
Trying to stop us with
that kind of ramshackle
erection!



Look out, here they
come! Don't
miss! FIRE!







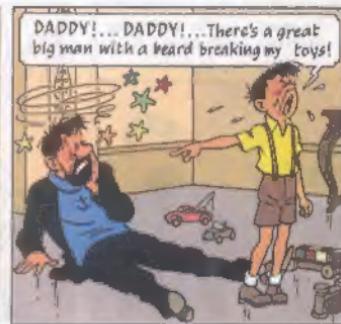
But I'm quite certain that I...
I can't believe it!

You believe what you like,
but I've had all I can take!
O.K. You've been rescued; but
your plans can look after
themselves. I want to go home
... to a little peace ... and quiet.

Two days later, at Marlinspike...



Ah, what a relief to be
home again!



Look who's here! The ancient marin-
er himself! You dropped in just right,
you old rascal: we were talking about you.



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! Wagg!
What d'you think you're playing at?

Me?... Well, it turned out nice...
But don't let us distract you,
old boy: make yourself at home



It turned out nice... So I
said: "Jolyon," I said, "don't
you waste the end of your
holiday." And your little
place was vacant, so I
popped in for a few days



... with my little brood.



HERE!...QUICKLY!



